The CHIMES

December Issue

SCITUATE HIGH SCHOOL

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THE CHIMES

Vol 2. **December, 1924** **No. 1.**

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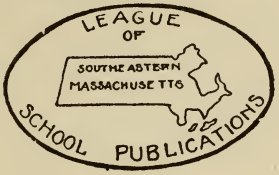

Published by the Students of the Scituate High School,
Scituate, Massachusetts

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The Editorial Staff is most deeply appreciative of the spontaneous support of those pupils who have submitted articles and stories for our school paper. We should have a much larger list of contributors. To produce the best possible school paper we need the varied talent of the whole school. Send in something for the next issue.

ALUMNI NOTES

The Editorial Staff wishes me to express their thanks to the Alumni who have responded to the letters which were sent out. A number of the members sent money not only for their subscriptions to THE CHIMES, but also for sample copies to be sent to their classmates.

Class notes which have been received are given below:

Evelyn Bonney, '24 is attending the Chandler Secretarial School.

Mae Flaherty, '24, is attending the Chandler Secretarial School.

Priscilla Fish, '24, is employed in Mr. Bragdon's Office.

Amy Frye, '24 is to enter The Children's Hospital in January to train for a nurse.

Gertrude Stanley, '24, is employed in an office in Boston.

Helen Jellows, '24, is employed at the Scituate Post Office.

Eleanor Dwyer, '24, is employed in an office in Boston.

Franklin Sharp, '24, is taking up a course in art at a night school in Boston.

Martha Lincoln, '24, is at home.

Helen Lee, '23, is employed in an office in Boston.

Mildred Webster, '23, is attending Boston University.

Nellie Sharp, '21 is attending Miss Perry's Kindergarten School.

Helen Curtis, '21, is a Senior at Boston University.

Nelson Lee, '22, is employed in an office in Boston.

John E. Prouty, 1898, is Assistant Cashier of the Atlantic National Bank of Boston.

Robert J. Hill, '10, is a Doctor of Dental Surgery in Boston.

H. B. Totman, '04, is a professor in music.

The Alumni subscription list to date is as follows:

Wm. J. Sullivan
Lillian MacQuarrie
W. T. Sherman
Arthur N. Colman
Arthur H. Camon
M. Emma Vinal
Marion A. Totman
Mrs. Henry T. Bailey
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Mary F. Supple
Mrs. George Vollmer
Mrs. Jessie Litchfield
Ann M. Edson
Mrs. Willis Totman
Robert Hill
Barbara O'Connor
Wilmot M. Brown

The following letters were sent in by some of the alumni members:

October 31, 1924

Miss Barbara Brown
Scituate High School,
Scituate, Mass.

There is a check inclosed for $2.00. Kindly send me the three issues to be printed this year. The balance you may use in sending copies to any of the class of 1910 that do not subscribe for any issues.

Sincerely yours,
ROBERT J. HILL.
October 31, 1924

RJH/HG

Barbara Brown, Alumni Editor,
THE CHIMES,
Scituate High School,
Scituate, Mass.

My dear Miss Brown:—I enclose a dollar bill to insure my receiving the three issues of THE CHIMES, mentioned in yours of October 24th. The remaining two bits I hope you will accept with my compliments. You might use it to have the editorial scissors sharpened. There is nothing so convenient when you have a few inches of space to fill.

I shall look forward to receiving the three issues of THE CHIMES, and if you can furnish the alumni any information concerning their fellow graduates you will perform a very valuable service to all of us, since, at least in my own case, I find that I am greatly out of touch with those who were in school at the time that I was, and I shall be very glad, indeed, to get some details of what has become of them.

Very truly yours,
HOWARD O. FRYE.

HOF/S
encl.

November 1, 1924

My dear Miss Brown:

Was very much pleased to have the opportunity to subscribe to THE CHIMES as the S. H. S. has always held some very pleasant memories for me. I made music my life work, and enjoy it, and have a large class of pupils every year—a good many now are doing public and professional work. Am a member of several musical clubs, and take an active part in them.

Yours for success,
H. B. TOTMAN.

A rather interesting incident happened a few years ago when in the West. If you think it would prove interesting to your readers, you are at liberty to publish it. I was travelling from Sheridan, Wyoming to Cheyenne and stopped at the Banner Ranch—a combination ranch house and road house. After one of the best meals I had had in a long time. I saw the cowboys disappear and wondered a little as they usually hung around to get all the outside news.

In about a half hour they returned with an old square piano they had carted on their shoulders about a half mile. They placed it in the middle of the sitting room floor and asked me if I would play. It seems one of the boys had heard me play in Sheridan.

The piano was almost a wreck—notes were gone—some keys and wires were broken, and a tuner would have a good day's job making even a start on it.

However, the boys, old and young, some of them grey beards lined up around the room and I started to play. That was about 8 p. m., and I played until almost 2 the next morning. They asked for more pieces than I could find time to mention. Old time war songs, music of the day, patroitic airs, sentimental songs. Sometimes they would sing. At some pieces tears would run down the cheeks of the older ones —probably bringing memories.

I have played in public places a good many times on beautiful pianos, but that was the most appreciative audience I ever had.

BARBARA BROWN,
Alumni Editor.

CLASS OF '24

DOESN'T IT SEEM FUNNY

Not to hear Gert laughing?
Not to hear Helen's troubles?
Not to hear Amy and Martha telling jokes?
Not to hear George talking at the wrong time?
Not to see Eleanor and Barbara together?
Not to see Jim fooling with the girls?
Not to see Evelyn so businesslike?
Not to see Mae doing tricks?
Not to see Priscilla studying?
Not to see John solving geometry?
Not to see Ruth making faces?

C. E. M. '26

SCHOOL NEWS

We are exceedingly sorry to lose our splendid teacher, Miss Hastings, who has taught French and Latin in Scituate High School for several years. Miss Hastings was so well-liked by all the students that it seemed hard to have her go. But to take Miss Hastings' position, we have Miss Pierson, whom we now know to be equally good.

We have found Miss Howe, the new assistant in the household arts department, to be a good cook as well as a good teacher.

Our mathematics instructor this year is Mr. Sommerman. Not only is he a remarkable teacher, but also a good coach for the football team.

We hope these three new teachers will remain with us for several years at least.

Besides the "Freshies" we have two new students. In the Junior class, we have Anna Conant, who fomerly attended Girls' High School, Boston, and Lydia Stearns who was a member of R. S. P. A. School, Roxbury.

The girls of Scituate High are planning a game of volley-ball with Duxbury. We hope this will take place very soon as we have some excellent material to work with.

On October 24, the Sophomores gave the "Freshies" a Hallowe'en party. From all appearances members of both classes enjoyed the evening very much.

Gertrude Wherity is ill at her home with a severe case of scarlet fever. We hope she will soon recover and be able to join her class again.

Last week a candy sale was given by the Senior Class for the benefit of the Athletic Association. This sale was very successful.

The first football game of the season was held at Hingham. Although Hingham was victorious, Scituate played a good game.

Last Wednesday, we had a game with Cohasset. In this game, which was very interesting, Scituate carried away the honors. The score was 7-6.

SALLIE MURPHY '26

ANNEX NEWS

The Household Arts girls of both classes are very busy this year. Besides their usual work, they have taken up the making of the costumes for the High School show. Ruffled parasols, flower suits and caps, stocks and pocket-books are being made under the direction of Miss Barrows. The scarfs were hard to make, but as they were pretty, everyone worked

on hers and soon finished it. Some of the girls thought the scarfs so pretty that they are making silk or crepe de chine ones for Christmas presents.

The work in the bedroom, which was started last year, has been taken up again this year by the Sophomore Household Arts girls. They have scraped off the design that was put on the furniture last year, because the girls have decided on a better one. The bed is being painted and it will receive two or three coats more before it will look all right. The girls have collected a few chairs, a bureau and a dressing table to go with the bed. They have decided to paper the walls. Mrs. Ward got some samples of wall-paper in Boston and the class chose the one that they considered the best, They are going to make a bedroom that they will be proud to show to the people of Scituate and to supervisors of other towns.

The household Arts classes are very fortunate to have a dining room and a bedroom. Though the Annex is an old building, the classes have acquired modern things. This year they have had electric lights put in, and have bought an electric iron. But these things may not be all that they will get. Don't be surprised if they buy an electric dishwasher or electric stove because the girls are getting very up-to-date. They have good equipment for every kind of work.

The Sophomore Household Arts girls want to know if the other girls and boys have any regard for the appearance of the school grounds. It seems as if they hadn't any, because all of the way from the High School to the Annex there are numerous papers which have been carelessly and thoughtlessly thrown down. There is a perfectly good incinerator outside, and it was not put there for looks. It would not take a moment to step over and put papers in it. If the boys and girls will remember this fact, it will be highly appreciated.

This year the Annex lunch is under the charge of our new teacher, Miss Howe. She is a very capable young woman and she seems to enjoy her work. The girls who have the privilege of working on the counter are very happy to have Miss Howe for their "boss".

The Household Arts girls are pleased at the efforts of the boys to keep the reception room clean. They could do better, but you know, "boys will be boys", and usually they are anxious to finish their lunch and get out-doors for football or baseball practice. The Household Arts girls will appreciate their efforts if they will keep on trying to keep the room clean.

E. Cole '26

SENIOR COMMERCIAL NOTES

Someone is going to be out some money in the Shorthand class. Start saving up pennies, all ye dumbbells.

We think Marion and John should take turns at the Royal typewriter, it might save some trouble; but then, they would probably disagree over whose turn it was.

Mae believes in the Marathon, and we don't blame her, but she is too speedy for us slow mortals to keep up with.

Not that we care much, but we hope the Alumni will at least read the Chimes letter they received before destroying it. Those letters represent labor. Ask us, we know.

'Laila works too hard, we are afraid she'll have brain fever. Take heed, 'Laila and slow up!

Miss Elliott thinks it would be a good idea to buy a box of barrettes. She's afraid we'll get cross-eyed. Considerate, isn't she?

Zeke is our pet peeve in Shorthand. One day Miss Elliott told him to pick out the "e" (meaning on his typewriter) as it was not clear. She gave him a pin to do this with. In a little while, Zeke appeared with all the "e's" in his letter pricked through with a pin. Dumb or clever? It's hard to say.

"If you have any typewriting work to do, give it to the Seniors;" seems to be everybody's motto just at present. We hope it won't last.

Never tell us how the Ben Turpin comic picture was. Zeke in Shorthand is always a lap ahead of any comic actor.

Before Hawthorne wrote the Great Stone Face, he must have swallowed the dictionary (we're judging by the words we get in dictation.) But Miss Elliott says that it improves one's vocabulary. Always thinking of us!

We believe in bobbed-hair teachers; they're so restful to the eyes.

We have heard the term "mechanical grasshopper" applied to a Ford, and think it a fitting appellation for our Uuderwood typewriters. Why not?

M. D. '25, V. L. 25

Bell hop: Say Andy, what's the difference between a canoe and a Scotchman?
Andy: I dinna ken; what is?
Bell hop: The canoe tips.

* * * *

Sandy: Take longer steps my boy.
Sonny: Why?
Sandy: To save your shoes.

OCTOBER

Now comes October fairest of all earth's daughters. Across the sky she trails her robes of flawless blue. Loose flows her golden hair with crimson circlet bound. Her russet shoon doth touch the brown earth's breast, and she in gorgeous raiment greets her guest. Mild Indian Summer is her hand maid sweet. Her horn of plenty empties at earth's feet. A golden shower, where corn and pumpkins vie, with crimson heaps where grapes and apples lie. With generous hand she heaps a plenteous store, 'tll bin and graineries can hold no more. "No other mouth so dowered," we cry; "No other boasts so blue a sky. Thy gifts are queenly generous and free,—thy mellow days, thy sparkling sea, thy golden moon, that wondrous gleams, lighting a world of fairy dreams, thy footsteps gild with gold the humblest sod. We lift our eyes in praise to God, who gave October, beauteous guest. Our anthems rise to call thee blest."

HAZEL G. EATON,
Class, '26.

L. Morris: "I got South America on my radio last night."

E. Hyland: "I opened my window and got Chile."

K. Haartz: "That's nothing, I built a fire under the bed and got Hot Springs.

WRITING ESSAYS, ETC.

Ho, hum! 'Nuther essay to be written. Seems to me all life really is these days is writing essays, and reading poems. If I'm not a celebrity before I ascend or descend from Earth, it won't be the fault of the Scituate High School. Well, there's one consolation, writers *are* wonderful people. They *do* get invitations to participate in the higher enjoyments of life.

But I possess no qualities which make a writer. I'm not long and lanky; I don't wear glasses; my hair is not particularly straight; and I don't have it straggling down somewhere about the lower regions of my neck. I don't smoke any fancy brand of cigarette; my old pipe's good enough for me.

Maybe writers aren't like that at all, though. But fiction writers say they are. There's that word again. *Writers* say *writers* are Bohemians. Doesn't it sound funny?

Say, listen to me rave! Here it is half-past nine already, and I'm so-o-o-o tired. What'll I write on? I wish that kid sister of mine would stop fooling with the radio. It gives me the woozies. What's the matter, Don? Want'er go out? All right. Gee, what a peach of a night! If I didn't have to write an old essay, I could go out skating with the other fellows.

Gee, I'm tired. At *last* Sis has decided to go to bed. Kind of her, I'm sure. NOW I can write something. Les' see, what'll I write about? School? No, everybody gets enough of that without my help. How about stars? They're good subjects. Oh, I guess I don't know enough about them.

Oh, ho, homm! Gee, but it's quiet here.

What's this? One-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight- nine-ten-eleven-twelve.

Twelve o'clock? I've been asleep almost two hours. I wonder what time the folks are going to get home. Darn that old clock, I could still be having a good snooze for myself.

I guess I'll have to give the old stock excuse for English tomorrow. Well, I couldn't get any inspirations anyway. Guess I'll go down and see how the furnace is. Dad'll be tired when he gets home.

Five Minutes Later:

Gosh, I can't do any more thinking. My cogs'll get all worn and they'll begin slipping and then I'll be gone. Well, here goes for the upper regions. Gee, the old bed does feel good don't it? Good night all you Bohemians and wonderful writers. Sweet dreams! I'll not be a writer anyway.

Next Day in Class:

"I didn't have time to write anything."

M. FORD '25

WIN THE FIGHT!

"Poor Margaret has such a time in mathematics," said one fond mother. "And as for John in Latin——. He works so hard and he says the Latin teacher gives lessons twice as long as they can possibly do in forty minutes or however long it is they are supposed to work."

"Yes, I know. Richard has the same trouble in English. He takes after me, I guess. I never could see through those silly plays of Shakespear's, either. But he does very well in science. He's had A's on his card all the year."

"Yes, they always do well in the studies they like," added a third lady. "And if they would only work as hard on those they don't care for, they might have as good marks in them. It's all a matter of work and concentration."

"But, John says he studies the required time every day; and the teacher gives him such poor marks," replied the first.

"Very likely he would have to spend more than the average time at first until he really began to concentrate and get an insight into the subject. Elsie has always hated mathematics and never did well in it. It was foolinsh to say that she *couldn't* do well in it because her mother never did. She barely got by her first year, and she took math. again because her selected college required it. Then she resolved that she would overcome her inability; and in the love of the fight she began to work as she never had worked before, starting rather half-heartedly, to be sure, but gradually becoming interested in the hitherto despised triangles and equations. She began to get good marks because she not only worked, and worked hard, but also because she really began to understand what she was working toward, a thing which too few students do. They may spend the time, but they do not grasp the full meaning of what they are doing because they are not interested.

"Oh, so much more credit is due the one who can say, 'It is difficult, and I spend more time than most students, and work harder, but I get good marks, and am learning to like it.' For he is mastering the subject and winning the fight. And this will prepare him to master bigger difficulties and win bigger fights out in the world where he will stand unsheltered."

H. L. W.

PROGRESS

Freshman days are usually rather trying at first. The classes and sessions are very different from those of the grammar school, and a not uncommon occurrence is to see a frantic, little freshman vainly trying to puzzle out the number over every door. Becoming acclimated surely is hard, but soon this newness wears off, when the freshmen discover

how assured and proud the sophomores are. To the "freshies" the "sophs" appear almost godlike. They are so sure of themselves; they seem to know almost everything.

But wait—. What are the sophomores thinking? Are they satisfied in the worship of the freshmen? By no means are they content. They enviously eye the juniors, who seem so much older and more worldly. The privileges and the fun which the juniors enjoy are coverted, and snatched at eagerly. In fact, a sophomore's chief desire is to become a junior.

But are the juniors sitting back at their ease, confident in this admiration? Oh, that is just the point. They are not quite so sure of themselves or quite so contented as they give the impression of being. Instead, they look upon the seniors almost reverently.

From that highest point of learning things in general must have an altogether different aspect. That is the thought of every junior, for the seniors do try very hard to appear learned and wise. They seem to be heavily burdened with responsibilities and studies, and also are always very busy planning class plays, picnics, and all such fun, and seem to revel in their position at the top of all classes.

Again, do you suppose the seniors are entirely satisfied? Some of them may be, but others enthusiastically look forward to higher schooling. Many, also are eagerly anticipating positions for which they are already fitted.

Altho they may appear satisfied to others, they alone know that way down deep in their hearts is a yearning for further power, honor or knowledge.

Woe to the one who becomes smug and self-satisfied. This kind of person has never yet been known to become prominent in any art or craft. Thomas Edison, now a middle-aged man, is still working on various contrivances with which to further civilization.

Such men as he never become wholly contented. They continually long to better themselves. And so we should pattern after Edison.

We should always keep a farther goal in front of us.

M. COLE, '25

Herbert Frye and Leavitt Morris one day last summer went to Boston. When the end of the day came, they didn't have enough money to get home. They had just enough to go to a boarding house for the night or to get something to eat. So they finally decided to go to a boarding house and take a chance on getting a bite to eat.

When they went to their room, Herbert thought that he would explore the landlord's pantry, and see what he could find. He was just about to take a piece of pie when the landlord heard him moving about.

"Who is there?" he demanded.

Herbert made believe that he was the cat and said, "Meow, meow."

The landlord, having satisfied himself that it was the cat, went away.

Herbert then went back to Leavitt and told him of his good luck. Leavitt thought that it was a great joke and decided that he would try it as he was pretty hungry. The landlord, on hearing the noise again, said, "Who is there?"

Leavitt was really mad because he did not want to be disturbed. "Aw, go back to bed; it's only the cat," he said.

FOOTBALL CROWDS

I like football crowds. I like to receive a thorough bumping about among people who all seem to be unusually large and good-natured. I enjoy the impressive spectacle, the color effect of flags, ladies' hats and flowers, white-sweatered cheerleaders and uniformed bands all slightly dimmed by the smoke from thousands of cigars and cigarettes. I wait for the awesome hush while my nerves tingle with anticipation—then rise and cheer with the crowd as one team, forty strong, bounds into the arena. The organized cheer, the best of the afternoon, makes a thrilling sensation run through me.

I like to be impatient during the preliminaries and sink back with a sigh of relief after the kick-off. And—oh! the superb moment when the crowd rises to its feet as one raving, cheering body, doing honor to the deserving hero who has made his well-earned touchdown. I like the last moments of the gruelling final period when I sit breathless on the end of the board which serves as a seat. And after the final whistle I always have some reason for being glad of the game's outcome,—either the team I cheered for has won or their opponents have played good, clean football. I join in the enthusiasm of the cheerers, who surge onto the field and form a singing, dancing and waving procession which weaves a sinuous length about the battle-scared gridiron. Over the goal-posts sail hats and caps, sweaters and megaphones, and even an occasional unbrella. And I never forget the last moment when the marchers congregate before the cheering section and the voice of the cheer-leader booms, "Regular cheer, fellows! All together! Make it good!"—for it always is good.

R. E. Class '26

French Teacher: "What is the word for shoulder strap?"
Morris: "Suspender."

TODAY

I am Today; live in me, work in me, rejoice in me, for I am all that you have. Yesterday is gone, and dead as the Egyptian mummies lying in their spicy wrappings a thousand years.

Tomorrow never comes; wait as you will. In its first dawning you will find only another Today.

Today, I am all you will ever have of life, and you must make the most of me. Your little part of today's work must be done with all your might. Who knows how important the threads you weave may be to make or mar the great pattern of today.

Today—Today—I give you the great opportunity I have offered to all down through the many centuries to write your name upon me in capital letters, that shall endure for hundreds of years after I, poor little Today, am forgotten.

Opportunity is my handmaiden. Ambition and Will stand at my right and left hands. They are my servants, and yours also, if you will use them. Behind me see the glowing heaps of knowledge. Millions of men have fought, and slaved, and died, to gather up this treasure. Old Father Time has locked it up in his storehouse, but I, Today, have stolen the key, and flung wide the door. I bid you to come, take what you desire of this great wealth I give, for already Old Time is approaching to take me from you, and banish me to his dim dungeon of the Past. Do not waste a moment as I shall soon pass from you with my magic key. I, your greatest friend, that am called Today.

H. EATON '26

A RECIPE

Of adjectives and adverbs
You take a heaping cup.
A teaspoonful of verbs.
Well heaped, will be enough.
Of pronouns now add slowly,
Just a very, very few.
Mix in some articles and nouns,
A few conjunctions, too.
Take twenty good long sentences
And beat them over night,
With a good handful of nonsense
That's very fresh and bright.
Now sift all through the dictionary
About a hundred times,
And bake it, oh, so carefully,
A poem for THE CHIMES.

HAZEL G. EATON '26

A miss is not always as good as a mile.

BOYS' BASEBALL GAMES

Baseball games played since last issue of THE CHIMES:

On June third, the team journeyed to Hanover and defeated the Hanover nine by a score of 16 to 13. It sounds a football score, but it was a ball game just the same. A long list of substitutes was used, and the first string men did not play until the last three innings.

THE LINEUP:

	ab	bh	tb	po	a	e
H. Dwyer, 3b	1	0	0	1	1	1
Driscoll, 2b	3	2	2	2	1	0
Hyland, ss	5	3	3	0	2	0
Rice, c and lb	3	1	1	8	1	0
McCarthy, ss	3	2	2	1	0	0
Evans, lb	2	1	1	1	1	1
Murphy, p	2	2	4	0	0	0
Wherity, p	2	1	1	0	1	1
M. Merritt, rf	2	1	1	0	1	0
Curran, c	2	1	3	5	0	0
Paulin, cf	3	2	5	0	0	0
J. Dwyer, 3b	2	1	1	0	0	0
Prouty, 1b	3	1	1	0	0	0
	33	18	25	18	8	3

Runs: H. Dwyer 4, Driscoll 2, Hyland 3, Paulin 1, Wherity 1, Murphy 2, Rice 1, Prouty 1, Curran 1. Home run: Paulin 1. Two base hits: McCarthy, Curran, Murphy. Struck out: By Murphy 5, by Wherity 3.

KINGSTON VS. SCITUATE

On June 6, Scituate was defeated on the town common by the Kingston nine. The Scituate team was outplayed and outbatted. Murphy was Scituate's heaviest hitter, getting two singles in four trips to the plate.

THE LINEUP:

	ab	bh	tb	po	a	e
Curran, c	4	1	1	14	1	0
Hyland, 2b	4	0	0	4	1	0
Murphy, 1b	4	2	2	6	1	1
McCarthy, ss	4	1	2	2	2	0
H. Dwyer, cf	4	1	1	0	1	0
J. Dwyer, 3b	4	1	1	4	3	1
Ford, lf	4	1	1	0	1	1
Driscoll	1	0	0	2	0	0
Gardner, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Wherity, p	3	0	0	0	0	1
*Rice	1	0	0	0	0	0
	34	7	8	32	10	4

*Batted for Wherity in 9th Runs. Hyland 1, Murphy 1, H. Dwyer 1, McCarthy 1. Two base hits. McCarthy. Struck out by Wherity 10.

SCITUATE VS. COHASSET

Scituate won her last game on the schedule when she defeated Cohasset on the common, June 16 by a score of 21-9. Murphy was Scituate's heaviest hitter getting four hits in five times at bat for a total of six bases. McCarthy came next with two singles.

THE LINEUP:

	ab	bh	tb	po	a	e
Curran, c	5	2	2	10	0	0
Hyland, 2b	5	1	1	1	0	0
Murphy, 1b	5	4	6	3	3	0
McCarthy, ss	5	2	2	2	0	0
H. Dwyer, cf	5	1	1	0	1	0
J. Dwyer, 3b	5	1	1	0	3	0
Ford, lf	5	1	1	0	0	0
Driscoll, pf	4	1	1	0	0	0
Wherity, p	4	1	1	1	2	0
	43	14	16	17	9	0

Runs: Curran 4, Hyland 3, Murphy 3, McCarthy 2, H. Dwyer 2, J. Dwyer 3, Ford 2, Driscoll 1, Wherity 1. Two base hits, Murphy 2. Double play Wherity to Murphy to McCarthy. Struck out by Wherity 7.

On June 13 the team came back with a win over Pembroke. The game was played on the common and the score 16-1. Pembroke's only score was received in the eighth inning when Marden, Pembroke catcher, reached first on a single, stole to third, and tallied on a passed ball. Home runs by Murphy, McCarthy and Curran featured.

THE LINEUP:

	ab	bh	tb	po	a	e
Curran, c	5	2	5	9	2	1
Murphy, 1b	5	2	6	11	0	0
Hyland, 2b	5	1	1	2	1	0
McCarthy, ss	5	2	5	0	1	0
H. Dwyer, cf	5	1	1	1	1	0
J. Dwyer, 3b	5	2	2	2	3	0
Ford, lf	5	1	3	0	0	0
Gardner, rf	5	1	1	0	0	1
Wherity, p	4	1	1	0	5	1
	44	13	25	25	13	3

Runs: Curran 3, Hyland 2, Murphy 2, McCarthy 2, J. Dwyer 3, Ford 1, Gardner 1, Wherity 2. Home Runs Murphy, McCarthy, Curran. Three base hit. Ford. Two base hit Murphy. Struck out by Wherity 9. Hit by pitched ball Gardner.

SCITUATE VS. HOLBROOK

On June tenth, the team went to Holbrook and were defeated by a score of 9 to 3. Capt. Murphy was absent from the lineup and Dwyer was shifted to first base. The Holbrook team started off in whirlwind shape, getting three runs the first inning. Scituate three runs were gained in the last two innngs.

THE LINEUP:

	ab	bh	tb	po	a	e
J. Dwyer, lb	5	1	1	4	0	1
Curran, c	4	1	1	13	1	1
Hyland, 2b	4	1	1	1	2	1
McCarthy, ss	4	1	1	1	1	0
H. Dwyer, 3b	4	0	0	3	1	0
Ford, lf	4	3	3	0	0	0
Driscoll, rf	4	1	1	0	0	0
Gardner, cf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Wherity, p	4	2	2	0	1	1
	37	10	10	23	6	4

Runs: Wherity 1, Ford 1, Gardner 1. Base on balls off Wherity 1. Struck out by Wherity 11.

THE FIRST GRIDIRON ENCOUNTER

Football has been neglected for the last few years, but this fall the boys of Scituate High undertook to arouse the spirit that had been shown formerly.

The squad began practising during the first week of October, and continued to work until they thought their machine was smooth-working enough to beat the Hingham seconds on October twenty-second. They had high hopes when they reached the Hingham field and learned that the Hingham second team would not play because the Scituate team was so much heavier. After a short consultation between coaches, however, Hingham put a team onto the field consisting of seven second team men and four of the first string line. The

teams then seemed to be evenly matched, and they took the the field, Hingham kicking off. As soon as Scituate received the ball, the players learned how ineffective their team was. They lost the ball on downs after gaining but a few yards. Hingham quickly clinched their first touchdown, and continued making them until the last quarter.

The Scituate team was inexperienced and plainly showed lack of practice. Their opponents repeatedly broke through their defense and showed what a poor line Scituate had.

When Hingham had the ball Scituate found it difficult to smash their line and throw the Hingham backs. The only way Scituate could tackle was by waiting for the Hingham back to come around the end and get him after a long gain.

The Scituate team played a good deal better during the last quarter, however, than it did during the first part of the game. The final score was 25-0.

D. A. CLASS OF '25.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

On account of the early publications of the last issue of THE CHIMES, we were not able to announce the results of last season's baseball.

The captain of last year's team was Catherine Murphy. The managers were Eulaila Pinkham and Priscilla Fish. These leaders proved themselves very efficient in every way and worked hard to turn out a real team.

Mr. Martin was a successful coach, as was shown by the results of all the games played.

The players of the Scituate High School Girls' Team were as follows. Glea Cole, Lauretta Wolfe, Rose Hernan, Catherine Murphy, Ruth Bean, Sallie Murphy, Eulaila Pinkham, Ethel Stonefield. These players were assisted by Ruth LaVange, Alice Sexton, Helen Webb, Evelyn Barry and Winifred Ward.

Scituate and Cohasset played two games, the first of which was won by Scituate by a close margin. The teams were evenly matched and played hard baseball, as was shown by the close scores. Rose Hernan acted as catcher and proved very efficient in that position. Glea Cole and Lauretta Wolfe were in the box where they have played for the past two years. These two girls played excellent baseball, and had the batters fanning the breezes in all the games. First base was held down by Catherine Murphy, also a veteran of last year's team playing for her second year in this same position. Perfect baseball was played by Sallie Murphy who covered third base. Eulaila Pinkham, Ethel Stonefield and Vivian Newcomb played left field, centerfield, and right field respectively. These three formed a trio hard to beat.

Scituate romped away with two easy victories over Hingham who proved to be unable to stop Scituate's heavy hitters.

Much interest is being taken by the girls, both in volleyball and basketball for the coming season.

The girls adapt themselves to these games earnestly and intelligently, and have shown themselves capable of handling either ball.

Prepartions are already beginning for forming a team which will be able to cope with any team of the surrounding towns.

Just support us and we will try to do our best to give you as much fun as we ourselves have in playing these games.

CATHERINE MURPHY

BASEBALL TEAM OF '24

Who's the greatest catcher,
That our team has ever known
Who's the one that juggles
All the fouls without a groan?
No: I don't mean Hank Gowdy,
And it isn't Harrigan,
It's none other than
Our little Rosie Hernan.

Who has the greatest pitchers,
Any team can brag about?
We have Glea and Loretta
Both of them good scouts.
S. H. S. is proud of them
In the box and at the plate
They're always ready, never shirking;
They never are too late.

Who is the first baseman
That fell into a trance,
Rosie got excited and
Gave her an awful glance.
At the bat they all are heavy;
At running they've got more,
Assisted by the others
They certainly raise the score.

Who's the second baseman
That poses for the team?
Ruth's the little artist
Standing on the green.
She watches all her chances
At the plate, and on the base,
Gives every team she plays with
A hard and vigorous race.

Who's the third baseman?
She cannot find the base;
But hunts around in vain for it,
And cannot find a trace.
Sallie is the heroe,
Of this famous episode,
But nevertheless; she's one of the best,
That knows our little code.

Who is the left fielder
With the sun fixed in her eyes?
Lala put her father's cap on
And gave us a surprise.
Who is that in center
Waiting for some flies?
"They shall not pass", shouts Ethel,
As she grabs them from the skies.

"Viv" is center fielder,
Of our snappy little team,
She's surely a star player and
The best you've ever seen.
Our nine couldn't play without her
Being there upon the field,
She is one of our guardsmen
And is our faithful shield.

CATHERINE E. MURPHY

VENGEANCE OF THE MARSHES

Francois, the half-breed, stood before his cabin. There was a well satisfied look on his swarthy countenance as he watched a great flock of wild ducks fly over him. It was late in the afternoon; there was a "northeaster" brewing, and Francois knew that the ducks would light in the marshes near his house and there spend the night.

"Eet be one good day for you, Francois," he said to himself. "D'ese duck light in the marsh sure."

The half-breed entered his cabin and came out with a pair of field glasses so that he could watch the birds more easily. He knew that it was closed season for ducks, but that made no difference to him. Only the night before he had given his

views of the matter to the game warden at the store. This was an unwise thing to do, but Francois was not noted for intelligence.

"What right have you to say that I cannot shoot the ducks?" he had said. "D'eyees wild. No one owns heem. I see four, five hundred every week, but you say I cannot shoot heem after the first of November. But I say I will shoot dem. Diable, I show you." He had left the store then with a look of fierce determination on his evil face.

The game warden was an old man—kind and just to everyone except those of Francois stamp. He loved the ducks; indeed he loved all wild things, but as the ducks came year after year and bedded almost at his very door, he came to love them most of all. They were his to watch and protect, but he had a large territory to cover, and he could not prevent all the looting that went on. Of all the looters, Francois was known to be the worst, but the warden had never been able to obtain any evidence against him.

"I wish I could make that half-breed see reason," he had said as Francois went out. "He is the ring leader; the others would stop if I could get him."

Francois watched the ducks until he saw where they would bed for the night. Then he put away his glasses and started for the store, about half a mile away. When he had covered half the distance he met two men and astonished them by greeting them cordially.

"That half-breed is up to something," said one. "He never spoke to anyone unless he was planning something."

"I know what he is planning, replied the other. "Francois!" he called.

The half-breed turned and came back to the two men, "What do you want, M'sieu Luther?" he asked.

Luther was an old man who was regarded as a lunatic by all his neighbors. He was deranged, but at times showed unusual intellect. He had always had a delusion that the marshes could see the slaughter of the ducks, and that someday, something would happen to Francois.

"Francois," he said. "I have warned you many times. Someday you will see. The marshes will avenge these ducks that you kill so wantonly."

"You are crazee, M'sieu Luther; so you know not what you say," cried Francois. "The marshes get the revenge! Eeet is a joke."

As the two men walked on, Francois remained standing in the road, laughing over what he thought to be a good joke. Presently he started for the store, changed his mind, and returned home.

Francois's cabin had but two rooms. In one there was a bunk and a chair; in the other a table, a chair, a stove, and a

large chest. A repeating shotgun hung on the wall. Francois closed and locked the door, hung a burlap bag over the window and looked carefully around the room. When he was sure that he was alone, he removed one of the floor boards; and reaching into the opening, he brought forth a punt gun, or as it was more commonly known by the duck looters, a "big gun." It was an enormous weapon, over seven feet in length, and the bore was great in proportion.

"Eet kill fifty bird and wound many more with one shot," Francois had said on one occasion to a friend. "I pay foreet-two hundred dollars."

Francois opened the chest and took from it a bag of powder and a larger one of shot. He measured the powder and shot carefully; then he loaded the gun, putting in a little powder at a time and packing it firmly with a ramrod. When the gun was loaded to his satisfaction, he put the weapon in a corner well away from the stove. He busied himself for a little while in loading shells for his pump gun; then he lay down on his bunk and was soon asleep.

He awoke about three o'clock in the morning and got ready to start on his shooting trip at once. After putting on heavy boots and a heavy coat, he took his repeating shotgun from the wall. The law allowed the use of repeaters when an attachment was welded into the magazine making it impossible to load more than two shells. Francois slipped six shells into his magazine, slung the pump gun over his shoulder, picked up the "big gun", and started off. It was very dark, but he knew the way; and in a short time he stopped on the banks of a small creek. Francois placed his guns in a small boat which was moored there. The creek flowed for about a half a mile and than widened out forming a large pond.

In this pond the ducks bedded as a rule. Francois could not hear anything from where he stood, but he knew that the ducks would be there for he had watched them carefully. He got into the boat and poled it slowly along for sometime. At length he heard a subdued quacking and a slight splashing. Soon he was in range. He placed the big gun in its position with the butt against a block that was fastened firmly to the boat. Aiming at the spot where he knew the flock should be, he drew back the hammer and pressed the trigger. There was a blinding flash, a loud roar; and the boat was driven backward several feet by the recoil of the weapon. Pandemonium broke forth at the report. There was a splashing, mingled with startled calls and the beating of wings as many birds left the water. But fully eighty birds were left dead and wounded on the pond. Some with broken wings were trying to swim; others with both legs and wings disabled were floating about helplessly. Francois would kill some of them with his shotgun after it got a little lighter; others would suffer for hours

or perhaps days. But that meant nothing to Francois. He seized his paddle and began to pick up the dead birds. He worked rapidly and soon had forty or more in the boat. Since it was not quite light, the half-breed took his pump gun and began shooting the wounded birds. It did not occur to him to get out of sight at once before the game warden, who must have been aroused by the report, appeared.

The game warden had heard the report of the big gun. He had been expecting it and he was out on the marsh before Francois began to pick up the birds. He had seen the place where these ducks had come down the night before and he lost no time in hastening in that direction. But the marshes were dangerous to tread at any time, for there were bogs where a man would sink in mud and slime to an awful death, and it was folly to attempt crossing it in the dark. In about an hour the warden found that he could go on. Hearing the report of the gun, he looked through his glasses and saw Francois shooting at the wounded ducks. The sight brought tears to the old man's eyes. These were his ducks; this was murder. He ran toward the half-breed, examining his revolver as he went.

When Francois saw the warden the latter was very close to him. With a curse, the half-breed aimed his gun at the old man and pulled the trigger. But there was no report. The last shell in the gun had been fired. Francois threw his gun aside and leaped for the shore. He made it by the fraction of an inch; and in an instant he was out of sight behind a patch of tall marsh grass. As the warden started forward, he heard a peculiar choking cry and then silence. When he broke through the patch of tangled marsh grass, the warden did not see the half-breed. Before him was a bog, Francois' foot-prints were visible in the mud for a little way. There was a hole in the bog that was slowly filling with mud and slime. Beyond the hole there were no footprints.

H. F., '25.

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